

PLACE NAMES AND STORIES u?

Madalinga agreed and told them to walk round and began to go up the hill. " Let your second daughter give me water to drink when I come down on the other side," he said. The old woman was sorry she had made this proposal and begged him to come back. He would not. Mother and daughters came round the hill and awaited the young man. It was a very hot day and they were all thirsty. They had, however, one small vessel of water and, thinking that he would be far more thirsty when he came, they reserved the water for him. He came after all but was quite exhausted when he reached there. He could not even speak, so thirsty and tired was he. He signalled to them for water. The younger sister took the vessel to him, but In the joy and confusion of the moment dropped the vessel. All the water was spilt. They ran to the nearest village for water. It was long before it could come. By then Madalinga died.

This tragic story of the common people may well conclude our selection of stories relating to places.

Unrelieved by epic heroism, but not devoid of heroic quality, unadorned by high romance but not lacking that romantic touch which occasionally brightens even the commonest lives and picturing the dread doom of death on youthful hope in the very hour of triumph, it may be taken as embodying a typical mood of the people. This is not to say that they are generally gloomy. They take and find their share of

joy in life.
The joy is, however, placed in a setting of
pain and
not far behind the laughter are tears.
Other moods
of the people also appear here: love of the
heroic in the
past, admiration for a life like Jatayu's
given up in